



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

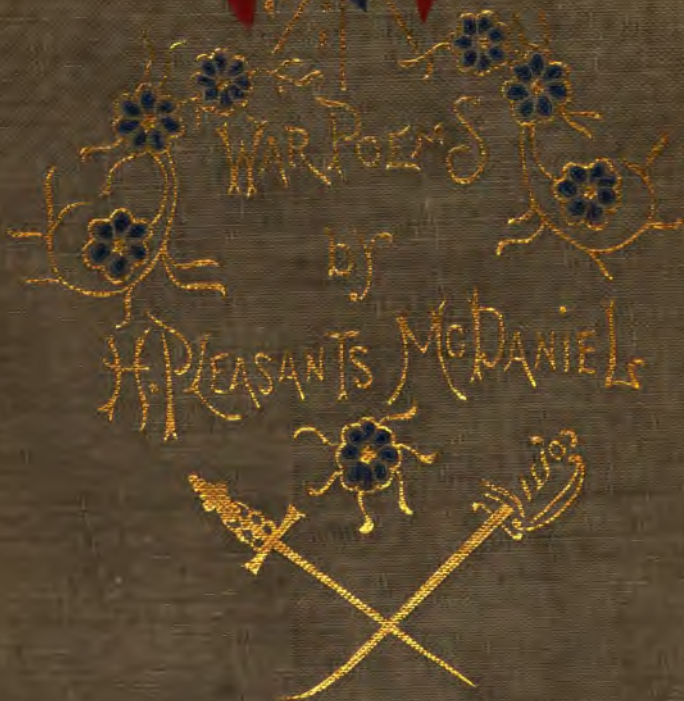
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 07580938 8

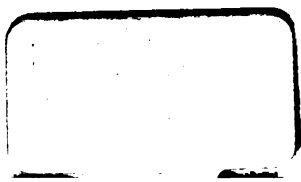


U.S. - Hist. - Civil war - Poetry
Society, American

1-P.H.

1





WAR POEMS

1861-1865



BY
HELEN PLEASANTS McDANIEL

THE
Abbey Press

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

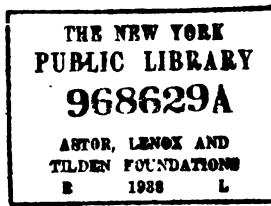
London

NEW YORK

Montreal

1913

W. C.



Copyright, 1901,

by

THE

Abbey Press

Contents.

	PAGE
Invocation to Liberty.....	9
Eva.....	11
To My Beloved.....	16
Our Heroes.....	19
Mother—My Mother.....	29 (20)
An Hour Alone.....	21
The Lovers' Good Night.....	23
The Virginia Mountaineer.....	25
His Death.....	28
Loyal.....	30
Prisoner's Sabbath.....	31
The Soldier's Farewell.....	35
Why Not?.....	40
I Dearly Love a Soldier Boy.....	42
The Old Home.....	44
Second Part.....	48
Rally Song.....	50
Death of a Captive.....	52
God Save Our Native Land.....	53
Our Girls.....	55
To ———.....	57
General Albert Sidney Johnston.....	58 ✓
On Hearing Distant Cannonading.....	60
Evening of the Same Day.....	62

	PAGE
Loyal.....	63
Vicksburg.....	64
A Grave on the Battle-Field.....	65
✓ Our "Stonewall".....	66
✓ "Stonewall" Jackson Dead.....	67
Mother Virginia.....	69
"Hark! the Deep Music of Death".....	73
Alone.....	74
Weary of Sorrow, or Thoughts ta My Father's Grave...	75
One Inch of the Tattered Flag.....	79
Soldiers, be Firm !.....	82
Echoes of Battle.....	85
Richmond, a Memory.....	87
Love's Light Shall Never go Out.....	93
✓ "Wild Tom" of Texas.....	95
Tread Softly.....	99
A Requiem.....	103
Confederate Veterans' Reunion.....	105
Confederate Reunion.....	107

Dedication.

June, 1899.

To the memory of Confederate soldiers, both dead and alive, I dedicate these pages.

I cannot forget that our blood was given for what we all believed to be a righteous and holy cause.

Let every one who reads this dedication do so with uncovered head, for holy thoughts are here.

Many a lonely widow, and orphaned child—now gray with the mist of time from 1861 to 1899—will name some sleeping brave who has a part in this dedication, for they are all here represented, from the humblest private to “Stonewall” Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

No man can find and return to us the dust of our dead; but God keeps every atom. By and by they will hear “the trumpet blast” and awake from their long sleep, and fall in line to

answer the roll-call of eternity, and then the "boys in gray," and the "boys in blue" will stand once more face to face and the clear light of God's judgment will flash from end to end, and all through the mighty host on both sides, and they shall know each other even as God knows them.

The moon is up—the stars aglow—
The world is still as death;
The waters in their darksome flow
Murmur under their breath.
They know that I am here
Beside our holy dead,
Watching, waiting all the years
So long and slowly rolling;
Watching, waiting still in tears
Eternity's unfolding!

MRS. H. PLEASANTS MCDANIEL.

WAR SONGS.

Invocation to Liberty.

LIBERTY, Liberty, blood-washed and fair,
Come forth!

Thy throne of noblest hearts is made,
For thy crown our blood is paid,
And for thyself we go forth
To battle!

Liberty, Liberty, blood-washed and fair,
Come forth!

For thee we struggle, and we die,
For thee we plead above the sky,
For thee we kiss and bid them go
To battle!

Liberty, Liberty, blood-washed and fair,
Come forth!

Upon our mangled forms we look,
The burning tears we cannot brook,

But in our souls we shout again—

To battle!

Liberty, Liberty, blood-washed and fair,

Come forth!

For thee to God our prayers ascend,

For thee we plead with foe and friend,

And we believe our God will send

Th' blessing!

Eva.

AMID fair southern groves where richest foliage waves.

And softest music ever breathes upon the fragrant air,

And lulling streams their gold and silver waves
Break on the verdant shore and make it yet more fair;

And fruits of richest hue, and flowers of brightest dye

Are met, and loved, and lost at every turn—
E'en there—beneath that tranquil summer sky—

Young hearts have learned to throb, and bleed,
and burn!

'Twas eve, gentle eve, such as the summer brings

To reign 'neath soft blue southern skies,
Such as the nightingale in rapture sings,

When prayers, from hearts less gay, in silence
rise;

A youth and maiden linked in heart and hand,
Stood where the blessed twilight gathered fast;
And still amid the deepening gloom they stand,
Nor heed the hours flying swiftly past.

“Eva”— the voice was sad and low, but
sweet—

Ah, sweet as mortal heart could bear—

It fell upon its cords like muffled feet,
And echoed painfully its cadence there!

“Eva, th’ hour hath come, and we must part,
Our country’s voice must not be heard in vain,
To leave thee—but, who can tell the smart?

Or paint in words the mortal pain?

I go; ’tis for our country, aye, for thee,
For loved I less I might remain,

And deem myself but doubly free

To woo those lips to smile again!

God be with thee!” Here his spirit bowed

In holy awe before His throne,

As once again in deeper tones he vowed

To serve his country ere he claimed his own.

And Eva, gentle, lovely Eva knew
And felt the import of that noble vow,
And while the sacred influence in her grew
Before God's holy throne they bowed.
And tell us, oh, thou queenly night,
If yet within the reign of years,
A lovelier vision met thy sight,
Or conjured up thy fragrant tears?
Tell us, angel of the Power,
If ever yet from bower or dell,
There rose at midnight's hallowed hour
A holier prayer than this farewell?

.
Time hath sped; still in that shaded dell
Where knelt the lovers on that farewell eve,
No missing bud or bloom can tell
Joy here hath learned to grieve.
'Tis all the same, the stars, the moon,
The monarch river rolling by;
The twilight stealing soft and soon
From o'er the sombered sky—
But, hark that sigh! a woman's sigh
That man may ne'er define—

It floats upon the breezes by—

'Tis human, and yet, divine.

Its prayer and pain, its trust and fear,

It covers life, it shadows death,

For country, love, and all things dear,

Her soul arose in a single breath!

Ah, Eva! change hath come for thee;

Change for thy young and joyous soul;

Change from a maiden glad and free

To one sad, seared, and old;

And why is this? years have not fled

To bear thy charms away;

The glossy ringlets deck thy head

As on thy bridal day;

There's marble smoothness on thy brow,

And azure beauty in thine eye,

And grace about thy movements now.

Say, whence then is that sigh?

In thy heart, a voice still its cadence echoes
there,

"God be with thee," evermore

Ringing on the air!

For evermore at twilight hour
You haunt that shaded dell,
Alas! the birds 'mid leaf and flower
Repeat that last farewell.

To My Beloved.

THE rosy hours move not
As in pleasant days gone by;
A misty veil hangs o'er them,
And it darkens as they fly.

O, those bright poetic visions
That knew no power's control
Were viewed through, and departed
With the best loved of my soul!

Around me gorgeous blossoms
Are bursting into life,
And birds are sweetly playing
On harp, and flute, and fife;

At my feet the monarch river *
Rolls on his turbid streams,
But from his mighty bosom
There are no star-like gleams!

* Arkansas.

To My Beloved.

17

Dark, deep and sullen waters
Haste, haste to ocean home,
Since freedom's sons and daughters
In sadness by you roam.

'Twas once they wandered by you
In peace, and joy, and love,
And thought your silver splendor
Was borrowed from above.

But now the youth and maiden
Are severed by your wave,
Or they sleep forever parted
Within the silent grave!

Roll on, thou turbid river!
Be still, lamenting heart!
Those who meet to love on earth,
On earth are sure to part.

And were there not a promise,
From One who'll surely pay,
I'd haste to meet life's ending
By death's cold, silent way!

But oh, my lost and loved one,
I'm looking up for light;
By faith I see the Risen Sun,
Where cometh never night!

Our Heroes.

OUR heroes—our heroes now sleeping so low
Beneath the dark sod, where the cold waters
 flow,

Still bear on their breast for memory a boon
Which passeth not as the flowers so soon.
The flag that waved in triumph for years
Is soiled, and torn, and washed in our tears,
And the sword of promise is broken in twain
To be riveted in power never again;
But our heroes are living and struggling yet,
For the star of their glory never can set.

* This one verse is all there is left of a long piece; but, as I was lately in Memphis, Tenn., and saw the Confederate soldiers' graves in Elmwood decorated with crowns of ever-green, and the great central monument draped with leaves and blooms, I thought of "Our Heroes," and concluded to place, the one verse of the loties beside the flowers, and the loving, tender remembrance of the loties, for they plainly said to me "*You are right, Their glory never can set.*"

Mother—My Mother.

Founded on an incident given me by Major Wm. Douglass
after the battle of Shiloh.

ALL unconscious of smiles or frowns
A bright boy lay on those fatal grounds,
With the crimson tide about him laving,
And the battle banner o'er him waving;
But still unheeding friend or brother,
He sighed again, Mother—my mother!

His eye was fixed on the day-star shining,
For he felt the angels now were twining,
For his fair brow a crown of splendor,
Which God to the spirit-gem doth tender;
But still unheeding all things other,
He sighed in dying, Mother—my mother!

And still when the battle storm was o'er,
And they came his dust with dust to lower,
As they bore him from his gory bed,
And bound the laurel round his head,
A voice came, as though of another,
And it softly sighed, Mother—my mother.

An Hour Alone.

AN hour alone from all the crowd
Where I may bow my head,
And weep my tears of grief
Above my silent dead.
An hour alone where I may dream
'Mid memories waking fast,
Of all Love's enticing theme
Which grew, and died so fast!
An hour alone, far, far from here,
From every mortal eye,
Where my tired spirit on wings of prayer
May seek her God on high.

Yes, yes, my soul, come here what will,
There is a rest for thee,
Where Slander's tongue grows shame and
still
As Heaven gives ear to me!
O Jesus! Thou Redeemer, God!
Enough for me to know

That thou art there to plead thy blood
For every soul below.
The cross! The cross! High angels weep
Whene'er its blood-stained bars
Mark the benighted sinner's heart
With penitential scars:
And Christ, with ever pitying eye
Looks to the Father's throne,
And pleads the rebel shall not die
While on His Cross he's borne.

The Lovers' Good Night.

'Twas eve; a soldier clad in steel
Sat by a maiden fair;
There was beauty in her slender form,
And in her silken hair;
There was music in her saddest sigh,
And honey dewed her lips,
And o'er her star-like beaming eye
There stole a dark eclipse.

Softly she sighed as sighs the breeze
That comes from summer bower,
And whispers o'er far distant leas
Till hushed in fragrant flower.
He saw her heart—saw at a glance—
And taking her fair hand
He whispered, "Dear one, perchance
We've met this night the last;
"Then tell me, thou sweet, wooing dove,
Ere to the field I go,

If I may shrine thee in my heart
From this time evermore? ”
A soft, soft flutter filled her breast,
A music filled her heart,
And she with angel-candor said,
“ In spirit we'll never part.”

They lingered long beside the hearth
Where first they knew true bliss,
And as the fair stars waned above
They parted with a kiss.
But, ere th' steel-clad warrior passed
Forever from her sight,
He turned, and sighed as the happy sigh,
“ God bless thee, and good night! ”
Many days and weeks were sped,
And summer bloom lay seared and dead,
When 'mid the hush of battle blight
A dying warrior softly sighed,
“ God bless thee, and good night! ”

The Virgin Mountaineer.

FREE as the goat on my native mount,
I'll range in the valley below,
And my steed shall drink from th' limpid fount
Which falls from yon summit of snow:

I'll twine a wreath for his jetty mane
From the crimson flowers that grow
In luxuriant profusion, free and wild,
In the vale of the Shenandoah.

But a wild, wild echo comes afar,
Like the distant ocean's roar,
Ah! 'tis the opening shout of war,
And I'll gather wreaths no more!

Away, away, my faithful steed,
O'er rock and mossy turf,
To-night you in your stall shall feed,
And I beside my hearth;

But 'tis the last time, Jett, that we
Through many a day shall come
To where th' spring-branch gushes free,
Beside our mountain home.

Perchance another hand shall rein you
Before our cottage door.
When next you spring with graceful bound
From the vale of the Shenandoah:

Perchance upon your jetty mane,
Instead of crimson flowers,
Shall burn a far more ruby spot
Than aught from forest bowers!

But they who loved the Mountaineer
Will care for his noble Jett,
And on his mane full many a tear
Will shed of fond regret;

And she will smooth his silken hide
With her soft and tender hand,
And weep for her faithful one who died
For his wronged and bleeding land;

The Virgin Mountaineer. 27

**And she'll wreath a wreath for his jetty mane,
From the crimson flowers which grow,
In luxuriant profusion, free and wild,
In the vale of the Shenandoah.**

His Death.

O, BURY me in a soldier's grave,
With a proud old oak above me,
It is an emblem for the brave,
And the brave alone can love me;
Bury me where the waters gush
In freedom from their fountain,
Amid sweet nature's hush,
Upon my native mountain!
And tell my mother that I died
As my father died before me,
With Freedom's children by my side,
And Freedom's banner o'er me.
And bid my sister dry the tear
Which woman's weakness suffers,
And walk erect beside the bier
With these—my warrior brothers!
And tell her—my lovely bride—
The dearest of the dear—
To plant red roses o'er the grave

Of her faithful mountaineer!
Send her my steed, with his broken rein,
And hoofs all red with gore,
For I will gallop ne'er again
From the vale of Shenandoah!

Farewell! farewell! night gathers o'er,
Life's crimson tide is flowing;
When next I cross the Shenandoah
'Twill be without my knowing.

Loyal.

DRAW the blade, my native land,
And cut the cords that bind thee;
Here's our heart and here's our hand,
In glory, or death we are by thee!

Prisoner's Sabbath.

HARK! a thousand bells are pealing Sabbath
music now,

And ten thousand Christians kneeling, offer up
their vow.

From every hill and every glade they pour
themselves along,

And soon the world is throbbing to the glad-
some Sabbath song.

But alone, alone, I'm watching in the prison's
dismal night,

And memory only tells me when the altar-fires
light

My home is filled by strangers, my mother
prays alone.

For me the Sabbath music hath no gladness
in its tone!

My Bible-page is darkened, no sunlight o'er
it falls.

My inmost soul is weary because of prison
walls.

My country, oh, my country! these sighs were
all for thee,

And life were sweet and glorious if I could
know thee free!

But alas! thy shield is broken, thy flag is
trailed in gore;

Thy children bowed and weeping because they
hope no more.*

O, the thousand heroes sleeping beneath the
crimson sod,

Were taken from all evil by the mercies of
our God.

But vesper bells are pealing—oh, holy is the
strain

That mounts away to Heaven, then echoes
back again!

It whispers, softly whispers of that distant
haven, Peace,

Where the weary, toiling pilgrim from his
sorrow finds release.

For country, home and mother, a long, a sad
farewell

* This prisoner died near the close of the war.

Is pealing in my heart with the vesper music-
bell!

O, cold upon my brow is the prison's baneful
damp,

And painful in each limb death's creeping,
weary cramp;

But still as night draws on, day is advancing
too;

This darkly setting sun brings a Risen One
to view!

Ah; 'tis not all a dream, that little church of
white,

Nestled in a southern dell where flowers
bloom so bright!

'Tis not all a dream, that slender kneeling
form,

That mother's prayer arising from heart so
true and warm;

Nor is it all a dream, that hand upon my head,
It thrilled me years ago, and its thrilling is not
dead;

For oh, methinks again in that far-off land
of rest,

I'll see my sainted mother, and feel her sweet
caress!

Then country, home and mother, a long, a
sad farewell,

But peace comes to my heart with the echoes
of the bell;

For I know the thousands sleeping beneath
the crimson sod,

Were taken from all evil by the mercies of our
God.

The Soldier's Farewell.

FAREWELL! the light of even fades on the distant hill,

And we may never meet again beside the ruined mill;

And yet, within this anxious heart the tide of love rolls on,

And thy image I will carry, Mary, where'er my feet may roam;

Farewell! 'tis hard to say the word, but harder still to know

That it is no idle dream, and I must really go.

Why look so sad, my Mary, as though thy heart would break?

Come, be brave, be cheerful for thy soldier lover's sake!

Farewell, dear Mary, th' bugle sounds once more,

And my comrades are crossing the mill creek below;

When the war is over, Mary, when we've
 bowed the foeman's pride,
I'll hasten home, my darling, to claim my
 peerless bride.

Farewell, she sighed, and stroked his charger's
 mane,
But she felt within her heart that they'd never
 meet again;
But she smothered the phantom that arose in
 her soul,
And bade him in the ranks of his countrymen
 enroll.
"O, I'd rather have thee go with a cheerful
 heart away,
Than to know one grief o'er thy bosom held
 its sway.
Then forgive thy Mary's weakness—forgive
 this woman's tear,
Be assured 'tis forced by love, and not by idle
 fear!
O, I'd not have thee linger like a coward tamely
 here,

The Soldier's Farewell. 37

Thy fame is my own, and to me 'tis doubly
dear ;

Then go to the conflict, to our country's rescue
go,

And return to thy Mary, when oppression is
no more."

She felt the golden ringlets thrown off her
brow so fair,

And the warm kiss of love in rapture pressing
there.

Then all grew still, and the stars stole out
on high,

And beautiful Mary was alone there to
sigh.

And nightly she sat by the old ruined mill,
And saw the light fade on the far distant hill,
And she dreamed of her lover who wandered
afar,

Or swelled the proud ranks as a hero in war.
But a sweeter vision appeared to her still ;
She saw her hero and his steed by the mill ;
Her hero was decked with laurels of fame,
And his lips moved but to utter her name.

“ Come meet me, my Mary, once more by the
mill,

Ere the sunlight fades on the far distant hill—
I've come now to claim thee, my own peerless
bride,

Then hasten, dear Mary, to be by my side!
I've fought the brave fight for my country and
thee,

They are vanquished, my Mary, and thy lover
is free.

Now take these laurels and entwine thy fair
brow,

And renew, my sweet Mary, thy long treas-
ured vow.”

.
But the gray dawn broke and no lover
appeared,

But a messenger came with relics endeared—
A letter, a sword, a picture were there,
And twined in the letter a lock of his hair!
Poor Mary * knew what these tokens implied,

* Mary and I were children together, and this story is all true. She never loved again, and has long since gone “over the river” to be forever with herbeloved.

The Soldier's Farewell. 39

Her lover had fought at Oak Hills and died:
All covered with glory he sleeps on the plain,
But her heart yearns still to see him again.

Why Not?

"I LOVE," he said, "and I'll wed thee, maid,
If only you'll give me a chance."

"Ah," said I, "you can win if you try,
The thing you can see at a glance."

"Just name it," said he, "and you'll see
How swift I'll fly to do it!"

"It's put on the gray, and hasten away
To fight in the ranks for Dixie."

"O, surely not! you can't have forgot
I have two fingers missing?"

"Besides, as you know, I hear very slow,
And my eyesight is very distressing."

"It's so," said I, "you are a pitiful sight,
And a cowardly scoundrel with it."

"And yet you dare to ask the right
To drag my character in it!"

" Why not? you have gold and lands,
And a home that's beautiful too?

" You have a stingy heart, and fisty hands,
And love enough for two?

" It may be so; but, never for me
Can a piece of a man suffice;

" He must be brave, and true, and grand,
With a record clean and nice.

No one who slights his country's call
When she bleeds and struggles so

" Is any part of a man at all.
Then my answer to you is—No!"

I Dearly Love a Soldier Boy.

I DEARLY love a soldier boy—
A brisk, bonny, brave soldier!
He wears Confederate uniform,
The quiet Dixie gray,
And beneath it beats a heart as warm
As any August day.

I dearly love my soldier boy—
My brisk, bonny, brave soldier!
He's like a lion in th' fray,
His shot is sure and fast;
Woe to the Yankee who his way
Would make attempt to pass!

I dearly love my soldier boy—
My brisk, bonny, brave soldier!
He's true to love, he's true to land,
He's true to self and reason;

I Dearly Love a Soldier Boy. 43

He's firm in heart, and strong in hand,
And volunteered in season.*

* This little song was written for Miss H. W., who really "loved a soldier boy;" but, who long ago made a happy ending of the romance by marrying a M. D.; but I hope she may "renew her youth" when these lines come under her vision; and may she laugh, and look as coy as she did when I gave them to her in that long ago. She made a bewitching picture then, and I still carry it in my memory.

The Old Home.

COME, let's draw a picture which many will
know

To be a sweet home in our valley so fair;
For such peace and love meet and flow
Only among such hearts as were there.

The scenery with such dream is fraught
As lifts the soul from this earthly sphere,
And shows it 'mid those worlds of thought
What vainly it tried to find out here.

Sweet vale of peace, dear home of rest,
How oft I dreamed amid thy shade!
I fancied then, in childhood bliss,
That fairies all thy beauties made!

But now 'tis over—too surely o'er—
My childhood, and my childhood's bliss,
And, I live to think, and dream it o'er,
Without the power to love it less.

Ah, well I remember the very spot
Where stands the cottage of my birth!
The yard, the garden, the grassy plot
Where oft we romped in childish mirth.

The tall ash trees, and the birch entwined,
The lordly oaks hard by;
While beneath the rose and myrtle combine,
To please and delight the eye.

Then the sounds which arose
From those shady groves
Were sweet and refreshing as morn,
And kissed th' ear like whispers of love,
And the heart like hopes new-born.

Nor do I forget the 'lucid stream
That wandered among the flowers,
So deep, so clear, and yet so calm
It reflected the banks and bowers!

Forget? oh, never! for here I lived
My happiest and brightest days,
And Memory throws o'er clouded years
To this spot a thousand rays!

Sweet old home! around thy hearth
No vacant chair told of an absent one.
All were home, and in my mirth
Few were my thoughts of time to come.

Little of sorrow touched my heart
With plenty around and God above me;
Alas! misfortune shifts her triple dart
When plenty and peace are most about us!

So it was, when on a summer's morning,
Bright and fair as ever shone,
The voice of Mars came sounding
O'er our quiet, happy home!

Then our father arose, and standing
With his hand pressed to his heart
Said, in a voice full, commanding,
"My dear children, we must part!

"I would linger, if I loved you less,
Amid old scenes of joy and glee,
But as I love you more, I go
To struggle, and to keep you free!"

" And I go," said my brother,
" To stand by you in the strife.
Farewell, sisters, farewell, mother,
Freedom's more to me than life! "

Thus we parted ; and, for once
Felt that deep, keen pain
Of knowing those we love are gone,
And may ne'er come home again.*

* There was a Second part to this ; but, all is lost except the lines I pen below, which feebly tell of the joy we had on the occasion of the only visit our father made us after he entered the Confederate army.

Second Part.

I've seen the storm-cloud in his wrath
Obscure the glorious sun,
Till suddenly athwart his path
A stream of light would run
And split his veil, and show
More brilliancy than e'er before:
This have I seen; but, never saw
Till on that Autumn day
The light, the joy, the holy bliss
Of hope's returning ray!
It came like a spirit laden
With promise from above,
And the burden of its happy song
Was unity and love!

Once more he * sat beside his hearth,
His children round him thronging,
His eyes o'erflowed with tenderness,
His heart with rapture throbbing.

* Col. J. C. Pleasants.

Home grew bright; war but a dream
Of horror swiftly passing;
Love mocked the "might have been,"
And clutched the joy present.

Our mother laughed and cried,
'Twas like an April rain;
With father by her side
Youth's light came back again!

For once the best—the very best
Of present joy we made;
And sunshine in th' old home nest
Usurped the place of shade.

The parting hour we would not see,
Though swiftly drawing nigh,
The future, and what might be,
We left to God on high.

The now of this reunion sweet
The best we had was given.
A phototype of when we'll meet
To part no more—in Heaven!

Rally Song.

ARISE, arise! for swift advancing
O'er the borders of our land,
Black flag * waving, swift steeds prancing,
Comes Invader sword in hand—

Arise, ere your bright streams crimson
At the hand of a cursed foe,
Or the fruit of your tardy movements
Lie in Death at your cottage door!

CHORUS.

Arise, for Peace hath fled our shore,
Strike, for Peace will come no more
Until she's brought of blood and woe!

Arise, they come with torches lighted
At an unholy shrine,
And they'd see our promise blighted—
E'en our fig and vine!

* Jim Lane's notorious band carried a black flag.

Rally Song.

51

They'd see our children perish
And our homesteads burn,
And all we love, and all we cherish
Into ashes turn!

CHORUS.

Arise, for Peace hath fled our shore,
Strike, for Peace will come no more
Until she's brought of blood and woe!

Death of a Captive.

THEY tell me he's gone forever—
In his youth and beauty gone
To that far home whence never
To us may he return!
A captive—a lonely captive—
A wounded, suffering boy,
Far from his home, and kindred,
And his free life of joy.
Far from his brother warriors,
And his noble battle steed,
With foes and strangers 'round him.
His lot was sad, indeed!

God Save Our Native Land.

THE storm is dark; the wind is cold;
The night has gathered o'er us;
But the "Stars and Bars" around us fold,
And we hope for dawning glorious.
There's firmness in each heart to-night,
And sinew in each hand,
And every voice cries aloud,
God save our native land!

The storm is loud; the wind is cold;
But, homesteads blaze around us,
And every heart is nerved and bold
For action the most glorious.
There's vengeance in each heart to-night,
And sinew in each hand,
And every voice cries aloud,
God save our native land!

The storm is dark; the wind is cold;
But, the day will yet break o'er us,*
And the "Stars and Bars" around us fold
Amid the dawning glorious.
There's firmness in each heart to-night,
And sinew in each hand,
And every voice cries aloud,
God save our native land!

* The morning did break, but not as we expected, for many hearts broke with it; however, God has surely brought peace out of confusion for our whole country, and especially for our beloved South. The "Stars and Bars" enfold our dead; and, like anything else we use about our dead, our "Conquered Banner" is immortal in its sacredness. (Note written Aug. 30th, 1899.)

Our Girls.

O, GATHER around, boys, and let us have a
song,

For the night is light, and the moon is bright,
And we'll dream of home ere long.

We'll dream of home, boys,
And a vision yet more bright
Will visit our blankets, boys,
Ere the waning of th' night.

O, gather around, boys, and let us give a
cheer

For the maiden bright, with eyes of light
Who'll in our dreams appear—

Who'll in our dreams appear, boys,

For she's the chosen star

Who in the Southern sky, boys,

Appears to us most fair.

O, gather around, boys, and let us have a tune,
While the night is light, and the moon is bright

In the balmy month of June—
In the balmy mnoth of June, boys,
When flowers crown th' plain
We'll sit without the tent, boys,
And sing Southern girls again.

To

FARE-THEE-WELL! thy country calls thee,
Freedom names thee for her own;
I think of thee—of thee only—
No matter where thy feet may roam!

Fare-thee-well until for Dixie
There has come a glorious peace;
Fare-thee-well until from bondage
All we love hath found release.

Fare-thee-well! years may fly,
Hearts may sicken in th' strife;
Loves may kindle, hopes may die,
But, I am thine, and thine for life!

Fare-thee-well—and oh, my darling,
May thy soul be true to God,
And thy fearless spirit passing
Bow most meekly to His rod!

Fare-thee-well! 'twill soon be over;
Let our fondest hopes revive;
Then we'll part no more forever,
Let what will our life betide!

General Albert Sidney Johnston.

SLEEP, hero, sleep! the battle's rage
Shall ne'er excite thy spirit more,
Unless ye patriot legions guard
The warring millions here below.
And oh! if from your glorious heaven
Ye guard your land with wakeful care,
If for her joy ye strike your harps
And wave the heavenly banners fair,
Then hearts, be not with grief thus riven,
Nor mourn our heroes lost and gone,
But looking through your tears to Heaven
In faith expect a glorious dawn!

Sleep, hero, sleep! The thousand tongues
Which envy * set in motion,
Are stilled in sorrow at thy death,
Or wild in thy devotion.
They tell with pride how true and brave

* Ignorance.

General Albert Sidney Johnson. 59

Thou met the charging foe,
And how with "Freedom" on thy lips
Thou fell to rise no more;
They tell with tears how on the field
Their slandered hero bled.
Alas! they think not how their praise
Is lost upon—the dead!

Sleep, hero, sleep! thy native sod
Enfolds thy bleeding breast,
And in the bosom of our God
Thy labor's turned to rest.
Lo! Freedom comes and kneeling near
Proclaims thee as her child,
And Peace from her hermitage
Will worship here erewhile;
Sleep, hero, sleep; the battle's rage
Shall ne'er excite thy spirit more,
Unless ye patriot saints regard
The warring legions here below!

On Hearing Distant Canounading.*

HARK! heard ye not that dreadful sound
Borne from some battle-field afar?
I feel it thrill beneath my feet,
And hear its echo in the air!
O, God of war, be near and guard
My country from the hostile might,
For oh, my prayers ascend the while
My countrymen for freedom fight!

Hark! heard ye not that dreadful sound?
Again it smites my listening ear,
Again it smites my quivering heart
With much of grief and anxious fear,
For oh! it comes from my native vales,
And with it comes our loved ones' sighs,
And with it, too, our soldiers' moans
As bleeding, sad, and worn, he dies!

* July 12th, 1862, at St. Charles, White River, Ark., while I was at my home on Arkansas River, about 25 miles on a "bee line." It was very distinct, and we all stood out of doors with uncovered heads, and fast beating hearts.

On Hearing Distant Cannonading. 61

God, for our country, heart and home,
We now invoke thy tender care;
Send once again "Loving Kindness,"
And peace and plenty smiling fair;
God shield us from a bloody death,
Nor let accursed power enslave;
Be with our legions on the land,
And with our heroes on the wave!

Evening of the Same Day.

O, EVENING, where's thy quietness,
And where thy wonted pleasure gone?
Why bringest thou in place of joy
The burning tear and cruel moan?
Why dost thou from the distance bring
Again that dreadful sound,
Which swelling breaks upon the ear,
And trembles in the ground?

O, evening! how canst thou smile
And wear thy regal dress,
When hearts that so admire thee
Are choking with distress?
In pity cloud thy rosy face,
And rain down tears with me,
Or dost thou smile and look so glad
Because of victory?
Smile on, fair Eve, if smile thou canst,
I will no more condemn,
For though my heart is sad and sore,
I love a smiling friend!

Loyal.

DRAW the blade, my native land,
And cut the cords that bind thee,
Here's our heart, and here's our hand—
In glory or death we are by thee!

Vicksburg.

VICKSBURG! the grand Mississippi
In his onward sweep
Is proud to reflect thee
In his bosom so deep;
The patriot will write thee
In golden and blue
On his banner of beauty
To prove he is true;
The poets will sing thee
While ages roll on
And their songs will echo
In millions unborn;
A nation shall set thee
As a gem in her heart,
For the truth of thy glory
Shall never depart;
Vicksburg! at home and abroad,
On the land and the sea,
Thou shalt be th' watchword
Of the gallant and free!

A Grave on the Battle-Field.

HERE he died while bravely battling;

Here we leave him to his rest;

Mark the spot, comrades, mark it

With a rude cross on the breast.

Perhaps some one will be seeking

Where he slumbers by and by;

Maybe his wife, her pure love keeping,

May seek his grave before she die.

Our "Stonewall."

WE have loved, and we have lost him,
Wailed a nation's broken heart;
Snap his sword, and place it by him,
He will use it never more!

Ne'er again shall battle-music
Thrill his leaden heart to life;
Ne'er again shall champing charger
Bear his slight form to the strife!

Fold his hands—meekly fold them
O'er his marble breast fore'er.
Close his eyes; now fondly kiss them:
He has done his work for here!

Done his work? yes, how nobly!
Done his Master's work of love,
And his works, like his spirit,
Soars to the great Source above!

"Stonewall" Jackson Dead.

Wreath the cypress, furl the banner,
For the hour of woe hath come;
Lo! athwart each bright savanna
Clouds are darkening to our home!
Hush the infant, silent mother!
Let no sign or sigh appear,
For above our fallen brother
We would grieve without a tear.

Wrap him in his martial mantle,
Fold our banner 'neath his head,
Smooth his gray locks—gentle—gentle—
For he sleeps, he is not dead!
Nations far remote shall know him,
Children yet unborn shall bless,
And a band of seraphs o'er him
Welcome to a land of rest.

Lo! in each benignant feature
Noble "Stonewall's" living yet,

Marble death can never reach him
While his nation ne'er forgets!
Lay his trusty sword by him—
Oh! that hand and sword are one—
Spread his battle-banner o'er him
For his mortal work is done.

Mother Virginia.

WHERE'ER they wander o'er land and sea,
Through deserts bare or valleys fair,
Thy children turn with love to thee,

Mother Virginia!

They count thy glories 'round the board
Of strangers in a stranger's land,
They toast thee in the social bowl,

Mother Virginia!

They speak to monarchs proud of thee
In courts of eastern splendor,
They proudly dwell on thy liberty,

Mother Virginia!

They turn with gladness from afar
To thy ancient hills and valleys,
For thee their souls arise in prayer,

Mother Virginia!

Thy poorest child, proud Old Domain,
Carries with him thy soul of glory,

And turns in his wanderings to thee again,

Mother Virginia!

Where'er they are, whoe'er they be,

Son or daughter, bond or free,

They ever love and reverence thee,

Mother Virginia!

And well may they be proud of thee,

And turn with rapture to thy shore,

Thou birth-land of the noble free,

Mother Virginia!

In olden days the trumpet rung

Its death-note o'er the sea,

And at the sound thy warriors sprung,

Mother Virginia!

Then Washington, the great man free,

Led on thy valiant band;

But, thou hast given to us a Lee,

Mother Virginia!

A generous Lee, a dauntless Lee,

One whom we love and trust,

One who shall live to set us free,

Mother Virginia!

Nor is he all who sprung and stood
 Defending sword in hand,
 But thousands more have poured their blood.

Mother Virginia!

And thousands yet, ere for peace
 The relentless tyrant pleads,
 Will have found in bloody death release.

Mother Virginia!

They die; the earth drinks their life
 As it pours out thy noble heart;
 But, hotter yet shall wax the strife,

Mother Virginia!

And many Manassa yet shall rise,
 And many a Bee and Barton fall,
 Ere yet the northern legion flies,

Mother Virginia!

* But fly it shall, and o'er "Stonewall's" grave

* When I look back upon the war-cloud that hung its dismal pall above us, I can but wonder why it was that all of our people, from our wisest statesmen and bravest soldiers, to our weakest women and most thoughtless children, saw only final success in all the terrible carnage that filled our soil with graves. What was it, Hope, bright and changing as a sunset cloud? or Faith, firm as the Rock on which she stands, that lit this

The flowers of Peace shall grow,
And our "Stars and Bars" proudly wave,
Mother Virginia!

It shall wave; but not as when he led
The furious charges on;
Its staff will be planted by the dead,
Mother Virginia!

ever bright star in our hearts, and wreathed about our virgin Confederacy the crimson and emerald of eternal freedom? Whatever it may have been, we reverently thank God that many "fell on sleep" beneath the spell of its beautiful enchantment, and those, at least, rest in perfect peace, secure from "the evil to come."

And yet to the living, who have felt the exultant throb lift, and grow still forever, let us hope that the pen, mighty in its silent workings, may have preserved to their children memories of deeds over which angels blend strains of perfect approval.

"Hark the Deep Music of Death." 73

"Hark! the Deep Music of Death."

HARK! the deep music of death is sounding
O'er our verdant plains,
And the fleet steed with his rider is bounding
To its maddening strains!
O God, shall they rest when cool eve comes to
them,
Freed from their passions by death,
Or shall their sons arise and surround them
With swords fresh drawn from the sheath?
O God, shall they crouch 'neath th' cruel blow
Like cowardly beasts of the field,
Or shall they arise in this crimson glow
Determined never to yield?
O God, in our hearts we feel we're right
Thus to defend our land;
The beautiful South, so sunny and bright,
The gift of Thy own right hand!

Alone.

ALONE around the hearth we sit—
Alone—where of old—
So many gathered in this hour
From evening's chill and cold!
Where are those faces bright with joy,
Those eyes so full of mirth?
Where may the sire and his boy
Be wandering o'er the earth?
Alas! they come not; still alone
We sit where, in nights of old,
So many gathered in this hour
From winter's chill and cold!

**Weary of Sorrow, or Thoughts at My
Father's Grave.**

I AM weary, oh, so weary!

My father, let me rest

Here in the golden sunset

Anear thy silent breast!

'Tis long since I have listened

To thy bosom's measured beat,

O, many tears have glistened

Since the coming of thy feet!

I am weary, oh, so weary!

But thy noble heart's at rest,

No pain, no dream, no passion,

Rolls o'er thy marble breast;

But thy child is weeping, father,

Beside thy quiet grave,

O, here in waves of love

My burning heart I'd lave!

I am weary, oh, so weary!

But rest is found of God,

Then at thy silent grave

I'd bow me to His rod;
Bow, weary heart, bow low,
Seek, seek thy rest of Heaven;
Flow, sorrow, in tear-drops flow,
By Christ all grace is given!

I am weary, oh, so weary!
And the days are dark and long,
And night comes on so early,
And the north wind bites so strong!
And the first thing in th' morning
Baby Kate * calls for thee,
And I point through the mist in the garden
To th' new grave under th' tree!

I am weary, oh, so weary!
Outdoors, and in, the same.
There is something gone from me—
My home is bare of life—
The trees stand stark and cold;
The birds refuse to fly;
Since morn I've grown so old—
Like one about to die!

* Three years old.

I am weary, oh, so weary!

Who struck this awful blow?

Who dug my father's grave,

And bruised my mother so?

I call on manhood brave

To answer me this thing—

Yes! or no! and to it conscience bring!

Who is the patriot, true and tried?

The invader, or he who for his own home died?

I am weary, oh, so weary!

But, through the frosty air

The sound of many footsteps

Beat on the roadside bare!

Soldiers marching, marching,

Beneath th' calm cold sky;

And my heart and soul is going

With th' Rebels marching by.

Going on to victory, or, to die!

I am weary, oh, so weary!

But, no halt for me is nigh;

I'm enlisted, and like father,

With my might, I'll do or die!

Some may rest, and others sleep
When th' long, long march is o'er,
But, on with th' truest, step by step,
I'll march to the further shore,
Because, it's right to go!

Note.—After thirty-five years I make no excuse for the deep-rooted principles of patriotism, and filial love and grief that were penned with my heart's blood. It was my right then. It is my right now. A deep wound may heal, but it always leaves a scar. To me the Confederacy was as real as my father. Both are dead, but neither are forgotten. Perhaps my grandchildren may forget; or, never realize that once an ocean of blood and fire rolled madly between the two sections of our great country, may not realize that brotherhood was trampled under by hate as foul as hell could make it, when North invaded South (no one has ever satisfied my mind as to the reason) and South loyal to her own, struck the bravest blow of Self-defence recorded in all history!

But to-day, Sept. 15th, 1899, I say, while I can never forget, and will never be disloyal to my dead love (the Confederacy), yet, I am as true to the living Union of the States. I am proud of my country as a whole, and especially proud of the South, and doubly proud of Arkansas.

There is one thing I mention that I am sure all right-minded people will endorse, i. e., the crowing and bellowing of the Yankee cocks and bulls over our sacred things—such as dead heroes, lost cause, etc., should stop! No decent editor should allow some things I read to pass through his press.

I say again, if there is an ex-rebel, so lost to manhood as to get up rude jabs on sacred things belonging to the other side, his mouth should be pinned up with a darning needle!

What we want is peace; not merely secession from war, but peace of mind that comes of right feeling.

One Inch of the Tattered Flag.*

ONE inch of the tattered flag
Which waved o'er Shiloh's plain,
That I may hold it to my heart
In memory of the slain;
In memory, too, of those who live,
The gallant, true and tried,
And represent in grand array
Secessia's strength and pride.

* A young girl friend (Miss Samuella Kircheval) and I raised money by subscription, and bought an elegant "Short-silk flag with silver mountings" for the "Dixie Grays," the First Volunteer Company of Arkansas County, Ark. Samuel Granville Smith was the Captain; and, the one hundred young men who composed this company were the pick of the flower of Arkansas County.

I had the honor of presenting this flag at the Arsenal, Little Rock, in the year of 1861, amid a vast concourse of patriotic citizens; and the pomp and splendor of our young soldiers as they paraded in those beautiful grounds I can never forget.

After the battle of Shiloh, Dr. Robertson, an uncle of Capt. Sam G. Smith's, hastened over to the battle-field "to see about the boys." He was given a scrap of the old flag "to bring back home as a memento." It was pierced, and soiled with blood and dust, for no less than three young men

O, many were the noble hearts
That bled to death that day,
And glorious were the dauntless souls
That fled from thence away;
But, long as Southern flowers bloom,
And Southern rivers glide,
Those heroes dwell in a nation's heart;
They form a nation's pride.

What if no monument of stone
Perpetuate their name?
No herald, with voice strong,
Proclaim their glorious fame?
Deep within fair virtue's heart
They live by love enshrined,
The heroic sons of modest worth
By battle-fires refined!

O, let th' flowers grow and bloom
Above our Shiloh dead,
For th' world will know, and worship, too,

had fallen, in this one battle, to rise no more, while carrying it before the company. "One inch of the tattered flag" was a request from me to Dr. Robertson; but he had already given it all away.

One Inch of the Tattered Flag. 81

Where those noble heroes bled;
And let the waters, deep and blue,
Of the flashing Tennessee
Bear ever, and forever on
The voices of the free!

Then sacred is an inch of flag
That waved o'er Shiloh's plain,
Sacred to the maiden's heart,
And sacred to the slain;
Sacred, too, to those who live,
The gallant, true and tried,
And represent in grand array
Secessia's strength and pride.

Soldiers, Be Firm!

SOLDIERS, be firm! the dawn is breaking

In glory o'er our cherished land,

The sleeper, Peace, is now awaking

To join with Freedom's her fair hand!

Be firm, nor yield an inch of right

Your toil and blood hath gained;

Be firm, that night end not in night,

Nor Honor's page be stained;

Soldiers, lo! th' combat deepens,

Yet it deepens to the death,

Like the lion, as he weakens,

Struggles yet the more for breath!

Soldiers, be firm! the voice of martyrs

Cry it from their burial plain;

And, your mothers, wives and daughters

Echo the brave words again!

Yes! by the blood of fathers,

Sleeping on our battle-fields,

* Written Feb. 22, 1863.

Rub your steel and keep it shining
 'Till the wary foeman yields!
Yield he must, and yield he will,
 For he bleeds at every pore.
Up with strong arm and firm will,
 Strike, soldiers, strike once more!

Soldiers, be firm! your brother calls you
 From his gloomy prison cell;
He has suffered for his country;
 But, be firm, and all is well!
Even now he feels the sunshine
 Stealing through his prison grate,
And he readeth in that token
 Fair Secessia's glorious fate.
Yes! the "Stars and Bars" are waving
 Blood dewed, but holy as the skies,
And beneath its sacred foldings,
 Lo! Oppression bleeding dies!

Soldiers, be firm! once more I charge ye
 By the laws your Maker gave,
By the ties that most endear ye,
 Live to honor, or find her grave!

By your homes, by the altars
Where your loved ones nightly kneel;
By your children, and the hopes
Which their infant bosoms feel;
By your country, by her heroes,
Sleeping now beneath the sod,
Strike once more, and strike forever
For humanity and God!

Echoes of Battle.

'Tis o'er! th' last random shot booms o'er the
sea

As the sun sinks down in the west,
And the soldier has found a coffinless grave,
With thousands by his side to rest:
Hush! the wild excitement of conflict is o'er,
The bugle-blast rolls along,
But it fires brave hearts to charge no more—
It but echoes a mournful song!

Far away 'mid the quiet of orange groves,
And the perfume of tropical flowers,
Where th' mock-bird tells his mate of loves,
And the humming-birds brood in th' bow-
ers—

A mother kneels under th' star-lit sky
With trembling hands uplifted,
And prays with a cry and a smothered sigh
For her boy so late enlisted!

Long and in vain will she pray for her boy,
Her darling son so young and tender,

Who strode away in his youthful joy—
Stately, and erect, and slender!
Splash, went the wave, as his body went down;
Boom, went the gun, with solemn sound;
Hiss, went the waves, as they closed again,
Over the body of her boy, who was slain!

Brief was the tale that reached her ear
After weeks and months had fled;
A crippled mess-mate, passing by,
Stopped to say, "Your Jimmie's dead!"
That night she heard th' battle strife,
And the boom of sullen waves,
And saw the conflict—life for life—
And his body under the waves!

But just at dawn, she softly laughed,
And her eyes grew wide and bright,
For a slender youth before her passed,
And his face was fair with light;
"Ah!" said she, "why did I weep,
And break my heart with pain,
When Christ, my blessed Saviour died
That we might live again?"

Richmond, a Memory.

'Twas eve. Along the dusky street
The gentle dewes were falling,
And music sad, and low, and sweet
From church bells near was tolling.

The din was hushed in the city throng,
And a pulse of sadness thrilling
Through my heart, like a rush of song,
Its soul of gladness stilling.

The stars were out, the moon above
Seemed darkly veiled and weeping;
When suddenly sweet strains of love
Came by me slowly sweeping.

The organ wailed that solemn hour
Its requiem for the dying;
Its numbers 'rose, and soared, and fell,
Like the sad winds 'round me sighing.

Its echoes filled the open grave
As human tongues could never,
While a nearer sigh, from a spirit brave,
Passed it on from earth forever!

I knew his spirit, freed from pain,
Soared gladly on to Heaven;
While star-lamps, in glowing train,
Swept away the mist of even.

Hushed is th' hour. The morning dew
Begems each bud and flower;
And th' sky unfurled in azure blue
Lights up a lovely bower.

The sun his race has scarce begun;
The happy few still slumber;
But o'er the wave the farewell gun
Sends back its solemn thunder.

Life's o'er! He sleeps by the rolling tide
In his youth, and strength, and beauty;
Heedless now of his lovely bride,
And his country, home, and duty!

.

The day is done. The sun's last beam
Slow parts from grove and dell,
And the sad, soft wail of murmuring strains
Echoes his last farewell!

Ah! what hath sunset brought
With all his golden splendor?
What but tears, when Death hath sought
Our young and brave defender?

Its lights and shades like magic blend
Forever in fair beauty;
Its bright rays into shadows tend,
Like pleasures, crossing duty.

.

But years are gone; and, a lowly grave
Of a soldier brave and true,
Who slumbers near th' rolling wave,
Comes back to memory's view.

When twilight came I wandered there—
O, that spot I love so well!
There I hearkened to th' fragrant air
As its pulses 'rose and fell!

Its shadows dark, its solemn sound,
 Its echoes faint, but sweet,
Its waters circling 'round and 'round,
 Till in the lake they meet.

And widowed doves, in tender strains,
 Do haunt its dreary shades,
And Echo coos their sad refrains
 From the lonely everglades.

And in the distance, soft and gray,
 Rock-ribbed mountains rise,
And catch the smile of dying day
 Soft-falling from the skies.

But, most of all to charm the heart,
 And awaken poet-dreams,
Is that lone grave, so set apart
 From all that earthly seems.

And now, as golden day retires,
 And night's watch-angels come
To kindle here and there their fires
 Far o'er the blue-arched dome,

A woman, crape-covered hair,
 And lips all tremulous sighing,
 Glides forth, and kneels in reverence where
 That pulseless hero's lying.

Her face is fair with wondrous light,
 Like the pure soft rays of even,
 And she gazes afar, with mystic sight,
 That seems to rest in Heaven!

I stole away with noiseless step,
 And sought life's busy throng;
 But my inward spirit sadly wept
 As I moved with the mass along.

And still, from Mem'ry's cherished scene
 I gather a vision rare—
 A lone, brown grave in a valley green,
 And a young wife bowed in prayer!

But days, long marked by years, are fled,
 And, my brown locks frosted o'er;
 But the long, lone love still seeks her dead
 Down by the river's shore!

And thus, methought, where'er this tale
Shall fall on human ear,
The burden of this widow's wail
Will make each faith more dear ;

Will soar from lonely graves we keep
Bedewed with bitter tears,
To where no woman's heart shall weep
Through God's eternal years !

Love's Light Shall Never Go Out.

THERE'S a light in the window for thee, love,
A light in the window for thee;
Where'er thou art remember, love,
There's a light in the window for thee!
Be it dark or light,
Be it day or night,
There's a light in the window for thee!

A light in the window for thee, love,
A light in the window for thee;
Where'er thou art remember, love,
There's a light in the window for thee!
Be it cloud or shine,
Be this our sign,
There's a light in the window for thee!

A prayer in my heart for thee, love,
A prayer in my heart for thee;
Where'er thou art remember, love,

There's prayer in my heart for thee!
Be thy way bright
With Christian light,
There's a prayer in my heart for thee!

There's light in Heaven for thee, love,
There's light in Heaven for thee;
Where'er thou art remember, love,
There's light in Heaven for thee!
Be it God's will
We are parted, still
There's light in Heaven for thee!

"Wild Tom" of Texas,

Who with five other men, were surprised by a band of Federals while feeding their horses and eating their dinners at my mother's house. I first saw the enemy, and gave the alarm. All the boys in gray got the bridles on their horses except Captain Keener ("Wild Tom"). He was a superb animal which he had captured from the "1st Iowa," which was branded on the horse's shoulder.

They had a fierce skirmish at our side gate, and in the excitement I stood on the horse-block, and had a bullet shot through my skirts—the nearest I was to "active service" during the "unpleasantness"; but being a girl was all that kept me at home. I had the fight pent up in my heart until it almost bursted. After a few minutes of fighting one "blue coat" doubled over on his horse's neck, and they all turned and ran across the open fields, with our five men in hot pursuit, and firing as they ran.

When they passed Mr. Dudley Dunn's residence, and neared the mouth of Old River Lake, our men saw that they were being led into ambush, and all made good their return except "Wild Tom," who, having no bit in his horse's mouth, could not turn him. He was shot in the forehead, and fell with his face in the water. He was not quite dead, but the Federals recognized him as a dreaded foe-man, and that, with the branded horse he rode, so enraged them that they took him to their gunboat; and, when a delegation of young women sent General J. R. Williams with a petition for his body, to give it Christian burial, they refused us, and took our messenger prisoner; but, as he was a non-combatant, he was released after a few days, and returned to his wife and children. They rolled "Wild Tom's" body up in a horse blanket, and dumped it in a shallow hole on the island.

When winter passed, the gunboat left, and a young girl * and I crossed over to the island,

* Miss Sammie Kercheval.

carrying spades with which to fill in the lone grave; but it had caved into the Arkansas River. The following lines were written at the request of Tom's comrade, as he said, "It will be a bit of comfort to the home folk." "Wild Tom" was a splendid specimen of young manhood; and although I saw him but once, I cannot forget him. It is said that he was a noted Southern spy, and had passed and repassed through the enemies lines *ad libitum*, and so kept our people informed on all matters of importance.

LIFT him softly from the earth;
And lay him gently down
Here upon this fragrant turf
Beyond the cannon's sound;
For oh, 'tis meet that one like he,
When life's great struggle's o'er,
Should rest 'mid nature's calm profound
Beyond the battle's roar!
And pin our lovely banner fair
Upon his pulseless breast,

And fold his blanket 'round him there,
And leave him to his rest.

And should some lovely Texas maid
Ask where his grave may be,
Tell her away in Arkansas
Among the true and free;
Tell her a band of sisters there,
Who love our country well,
Embalmed with tears th' hero's grave
In their own native dell.
Tell her sweet flowers and evergreens
Shall adorn his bed ere long,
And the mocking-birds in ecstasy
There thrill their sweetest song.

Tread Softly.

A YOUNG lady visiting the prisoners' hospital in Memphis, Tenn., A. D. 1863, was attracted by a youth whose beautiful eyes seemed never to rest, but watched eagerly all who came or went. The beauty of his fair face, combined with the sweet and patient manner that dignified his person drew her to his side, and she asked him if he wanted anything. He answered, "Nothing here." Still his eyes wandered o'er the sad scene, as if looking for something on which to rest; but, in vain, for those for whom his heart hungered were far away, and did not receive his message until after his body had moldered back to dust in its unknown grave. That boy was my only brother, Capt. Henry C. Pleasants, who died in the twentieth year of his age, of wounds received in the battle of Helena, Ark. Long after the sad tidings came to me, I wrote these

lines as a vent to the pent-up anguish of a broken heart.

TREAD softly, for the captive sleeps,
And perchance he dreams a dream,
Which to his sad and lonely heart
Is like a starry beam.

Tread softly, for the captive smiles,
And I know that forms most dear
Are hovering around his lonely couch
Amid night's gathering drear.

Tread softly, for lo! on folded wing
Kindred spirits hover o'er,
And sweetly his guardian angels sing,
"Away—away to our shore!"
Lo! he stretches forth his hand,
Pale and quivering, in the taper's beams,
And beckons to that shining band
That bless his troubled dreams.

Ah, his pale lips part o'er pearly teeth,
And his manly bosom gently heaves,

And his silken lashes show beneath
A tear, for the captive grieves!
Grieves for his hearthstone cold to-night,
Grieves for the widowed mother's woe,
Grieves for all things so loved and bright
That shall come to his vision no more!
Tread softly—hark! the captive calls—
His voice is sweet as the lute at even—
His silken lash o'er his blue eye falls,
And his spirit hath gone to its rest in Heaven!

Gone? murmured a maid who lingered near,
Gone with that eye so blue and clear,
And that sweet voice so full of love,
And that brow so fair, to th' groves above?
O, a purer spirit never bathed
In the font of life, though its waters laved
The throne of God to its very base,
And found in its center their resting-place!
Gone—with single sigh on his quivering
tongue,
Which to my heart-cords its music sung;
With unshed tears in his failing eyes,

And a longing look at his native skies!
'Mid foemen here he breathed his last;
With strangers here his spirit passed;
Yet he heaved no sigh of sad regret,
For he saw his loved when his sun had set!
Full soon we'll all together meet,
Though our graves be wide apart,
And the hours in communion sweet
Will glide like sunlight o'er the heart!

A Requiem * (1865).

O DIXIE! Dixie so loved, and so lost!
 My heart is breaking for thee on to-day!
 We numbered not the strength of the host
 That marshaled against thee in battle array.
 The horse was ten thousand that trampled thee
 down,
 The men were unknown in numbers or
 might;
 As a fair slave thy limbs they've bound,
 And thy brightest dawn has ended in night!

O Dixie, Dixie! the stars o'erhead
 Are veiled in a cloud because of thy woe,
 And flowers are drooping o'er the graves of
 thy dead,
 Because they nourished by Victory no more.

* It was written on a scrap of wrapping paper, while burning tears fell fast, and my heart ached with keenest grief. What wonder? I stood alone in our house—our sorrowful, ruined home, which was but one of many. My widowed mother sick, and my noble father and fair young brother each filling a soldier's grave; and, *this was the end!*

The flag of our love has trailed in the dust;
The plains of thy glory are silent and drear;
The sword of thy promise is covered with rust;
And the smile of thy beauty reflects but a
tear!

Still close to our hearts we bind thee again
(O, the blood of our hearts flowed out for
thee)
And we pour our souls in saddest of strain,
"O Dixie! our Dixie can never be free!"

Confederate Veterans' Reunion. 105

Confederate Veterans' Reunion.

IN MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY, 1901.

HARK! I hear the stir of many feet,
The clash of spear, and sword, and gun,
The bugle-call, the charger fleet,
The banner's rustle, and beat of drum;
I see tall men of gallant mien
Bestride the steed as in days of yore,
The Dixie Gray, the battle sheen—
They all are here—but aged and hoar!

Those flags are new with colors bright,
And shining stars adorn their bars,
But look! those old ones saw the fight,
Stained, and tattered, and full of scars!
O, blessed ensigns, rich with gore
That flowed for freedom, home and love,
Perfumed of God for evermore,
And guarded by our host above.

O, may their tangled, matted threads
Fashioned by wheel and loom of old,
Enriched by blood, embalmed in tears,

Enshrine themselves in hearts of gold.
O, may they live as long as we
Shall live to tell our heroes' names,
And may our children, glad and free,
Tell to their children just the same!

But oh, ye heroes of the past,
Who stood like stonewalls in the fight,
Who Jackson, Lee, or Forrest led
Through thick of death, or battle blight,
I would bow low, and do you grace,
And pray God's blessing on you ever,
And may you die with shining face,
His peace be yours for e'er and ever!

And now, good-by! The shadows grow,
Beside your path and mine they fall;
May the purer light in each heart glow
As one by one we hear Death's call.
May the weapons of our warfare be
The Word of God all brimmed with love,
Each eye his brother's needs to see,
Each finger index things above!

Confederate Reunion.

HOW IT SEEMS TO ME.

MANY, many years are past
Since I saw them marching last;
And as I look through tears
Back to those other years,
Oh, this marching seems a dream,
A moving mist on land,
Or a fleeing wave on sand!

These are but shadows, true,
Of the Dixie boys I knew;
A phantom of the past,
A hope too bright to last;
And this marching is a dream,
A moving mist on land,
A fleeing wave on sand!

These veterans old and gray
Were our soldiers young and gay;
Were our heroes true and tried;

Yes, our Southland's flower and pride.
Alas! this marching is a dream,
A moving mist on land,
Or a fleeing wave on sand!

This remnant of our Grays
Are numbering fast their days
In the Dixie of their pride,
Where their comrades fought and died;
So their marching seems a dream,
A moving mist on land,
A fleeing wave on sand!

Their patriotic blood is slower now;
Time-lines cross their manly brow;
No call to duty stirs their hearts,
They only are acting soldiers' parts!
So their marching seems a dream,
A moving mist on land,
Or a fleeing wave on sand!

They parade the streets for show—
A compliment—no more!
Yet, Memphis did it well,

Both the welcome, and farewell :
 But, their marching seems a dream,
 A moving mist on land,
 Or a fleeing wave on sand !

Our sacred colors, long at rest,
 Are pinned to every breast ;
 Are floating free and fair,
 Caressed by Southern air ;
 And yet, they seem a dream,
 A moving mist on land,
 A fleeing wave on sand !

Our flag ! 'tis but a winding sheet
 Perfumed with memories sweet !
 O, why does my heart ache so
 For the beloved who come no more !
 Ah ! this marching is a dream,
 A moving mist on land,
 A fleeing wave on sand !

And oh ! the music of the band,
 " Bonny-blue-flag," and " Dixie Land,"
 It seems my heart will break

With the echoes they awake!
And this music seems a dream,
A moving mist on land,
A fleeing wave on sand!

Holy Father, suffer Thou thus far
Thy sons to live for peace, not war;
And may these veterans by and by
Meet to part no more on high!
Then the marching is no dream,
No moving mist on land—
No fleeing wave on sand!



